

THE **CONVERTED CATHOLIC.**

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxiii: 32

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THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Specially designed for the enlightenment of
 Roman Catholics and their conversion
 to Evangelical Christianity.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENTS—	
Breviary Stories—Co-operation Needed	
Rev. George C. Needham,	162
The Little American Pope,	163
CONVERTS FROM ROME,	165
Conversion of a Jesuit,	167
Mission Work Among the Indians,	168
Kind Words,	169
A Lesson in Freedom of Speech,	170
Some Hard Thinking for the Pope,	172
"Love the Stranger,"	176
Rome's False Claims,	177
Monthly Record of Roman Catholic	
Events,	178
Some Results of Romanism,	180
The Laver,	181
Two Brothers—the Devil and the Man	
of Sin,	183
The Scarlet Woman: God's Fore Picture	
of the Roman Catholic Church,	184
The Nun of Kenmare,	187
Old Vows and New,	188
Services in Christ's Mission,	192
Interesting Letters,	192

SALVATION

FOR

ROMAN CATHOLICS.

JESUS SAID,

When thou art converted, strengthen
 thy brethren.

Luke XXII: 32.

Verily I say unto you, Except ye be
 converted and become as little chil-
 dren, ye shall not enter into the king-
 dom of heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble
 himself as this little child, the same is
 greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

Matt. XVIII: 3-4.

My kingdom is not of this world:
 if My kingdom were of this world,
 then would My servants fight, that I
 should not be delivered to the Jews:
 but now is My Kingdom from hence.

John VIII: 36.

Come, ye blessed of My Father, in-
 herit the kingdom prepared for you
 from the foundation of the world.

Matt. XXV 4: 3.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THERE are many good articles in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC this month, indeed they are all good; but we would call special attention to that which we take from the *Independent*, "Love the Stranger." Our readers at a distance should know that the *Independent* is the foremost undenominational religious paper not only in this country, but in the world. We have written so much on the same subject as the *Independent* article that it would seem almost unnecessary to say more. But we are extremely thankful that such a leading religious paper has at length taken up this subject. We commend this article especially to our friends in New England. The Italians are harmless there, but the Irish and Canadians must be evangelized or they will surely destroy the Americans.

Breviary Stories.

We are pleased to see that the translations from the Roman Breviary that have appeared in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC under the title of "Lives and Miracles of Roman Catholic Saints," are copied in many papers. The *Victorian Standard*, Melbourne, Australia, quotes the case of Stanislaus, Bishop of Cracow, who in the eleventh century raised from the dead a man named Peter, who had been three years in his grave, in order that he might testify before King Boleslaus in behalf of the bishop. Evidently the king was not satisfied with the testimony, for he cut off the bishop's head. In commenting on this the Australian paper said:

"In all probability the king saw

through the imposture which was being attempted upon him by the substitution of another for the real Peter; and so punished the offending cleric."

But there is greater probability that the story is a monkish invention.

Co-operation Needed.

There are hundreds of subscriptions for this year still unpaid. This is bad when every little help is needed. Before the hot season sets in, when so many persons will leave home for a time, it would be a most helpful kindness to remember the work of this magazine and of Christ's Mission. Fifty dollars were received towards paying the debt on the Mission last month, but it is hoped much more will be sent this pleasant month of June by the friends who are conversant with the details of the work. Last month one wrote in reference to a small legacy bequeathed to the Mission, but if the labor is not lightened for the pastor by present aid he will derive no benefit from such kindness except what may come to him in the eternal home. Only those who have experience of a work like this, where the friends are few and the enemies many, can realize how it grinds and wears out the body and mind. The condition of a Christian worker among Roman Catholics is harder than that of a missionary in any heathen country, especially in the large cities of this country, where the Church of Rome is supreme and where the priests, politicians, financiers, merchants and public men generally bow before it. The world is with Rome, but God is against it.

Rev. George C. Needham.

A serious illness that caused his friends much alarm has compelled Rev. George C. Needham to suspend all work and retire to the country for several months. As a consequence he had to discontinue the publication of *The Defence* and give up all evangelistic work. He has gone to East Northfield, Mass., and will remain there until October. We hope our friends will write to him there and while praying for his restoration bid him be of good cheer. There is work for him yet to do in our day and generation. We have not many men like Messrs. Moody, Sankey, Pierson, Needham, Munhall and the other evangelists, and they are more needed every day in the Lord's work.

Mr. Albert Needham, the publisher of *The Defence*, says in the May number, the last:

"Nearly all the subscribers have had eight successive numbers of *The Defence*. In order to give them equivalent for fifty cents, full amount of subscription, THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC will be sent free to all applying for June and July. This first-class magazine costs ten cents single copy. Subscription price \$1.00 per year. My father intends, when able, to continue his expositions of the Jewish Tabernacle in its pages. Those who are subscribers to THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC can have the *Gospel Message* for June and July free. Please apply for THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC to Rev. James A. O'Connor, 142 West 21st street, New York, and for the *Gospel Message* to Rev. T. C. Horton, St. Paul, Minn." Mr Needham's address is East Northfield, Mass. Orders for his books can be filled at this office.

The Little American Pope.

Satolli, the Papal Delegate, would like to play the Pope in America, but three-fourths of the bishops will not let him. He has "restored" Father McGlynn and two other recalcitrant priests who had been suspended, and he has given Bishop O'Farrell of Trenton permission to excommunicate two brother priests named Treacy in New Jersey for disobeying his lordship O'Farrell. When the elder Treacy called on Satolli the latter said the excommunication would be removed if he would beg pardon of O'Farrell. This Father Treacy refused to do, as he said he had done no wrong. The case between the bishop and the priests is now in the civil courts, and though the latter have been deprived of their churches they hope to be ultimately restored, as all the parties concerned claim to be good Catholics.

The action of Satolli in snubbing Bishop Wigger of Newark and sustaining Father Corrigan of Hoboken had a sequel last month when the little American Pope visited Hoboken at the request of Father Corrigan. Bishop Wigger declined to meet him, and his refusal was a hint to the priests of the diocese of Newark that had its effect in their conspicuous absence at the reception tendered to Satolli. He visited the Passionist Monastery at Hoboken May 13, where Bishop Wigger said pontifical mass next day and then departed. But the next day Fathers Corrigan, Killeen and a few other priests who have been opposed to Bishop Wigger, prepared a dinner for the great little man and invited all the politicians of the county whom they want to use in obtaining State funds for their parochial schools.

Three Protestant ministers were also at the dinner, but Bishop Wigger and nine-tenths of the priests of New Jersey were again conspicuous by their absence. It should be said that half a dozen New York priests were present, including Dr. Burtzell, Father Ducey and Dr. McSweeney. But Dr. McGlynn, though still in Brooklyn, was not invited.

After three days Satolli returned to Washington disappointed and humiliated at his failure to play the Pope even in New Jersey. Neither priest nor layman of New York would dare to invite him to this city, and he did not cross the North River. It is said he was very anxious to walk on Broadway if only to prove the truth of Father McGlynn's prophecy that some day a Pope would be seen walking down that great thoroughfare wearing a stove pipe hat and carrying an umbrella under his arm. But alas, it was not to be; Archbishop Corrigan and Tammany Hall stood in the way, and as they opposed to Satolli, he was afraid he would be hissed and insulted if he appeared in their stronghold.

The dissensions in the Roman Catholic Church in the United States are not healed, and American Christians should use the present disorder in the ranks of the Papal army in this country as an opportunity of telling the people the good news of salvation without Pope or priest.

Last March Cardinal Gibbons wrote a letter to Bishop Ryan of Buffalo commending the project of purchasing a suitable residence for Satolli in Washington where he would be able to receive public men like other representatives of foreign governments. Bishop Ryan sent out an appeal for

funds for this purpose to all the bishops and priests in the United States, but as only a few ecclesiastics responded the project seems likely to be given up. "This failure," says Bishop Ryan's paper, the *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times*, "is a disgrace that attaches to the entire Catholic name in the Republic; and all because of the miserable cowardice and ingratitude of the great body of American priests, and those American bishops *who do not want the Pope's representative permanently in the United States.*"

"Where now are all those priests who have howled so vigorously all those years at what they termed the intolerable despotism of certain American bishops. . . . And now that the Head of the Church has listened to their implorings and sent Mgr. Satolli, his *Alter Ego*, to establish here such a supreme, permanent tribunal, instead of expressing their gratitude for so signal a favor—*against the pronounced wishes of many potent prelates*—by generously and promptly procuring a suitable residence for the distinguished ecclesiastic, they stand back, afraid to call their little souls their own, lest a mitered frown should wither their hopes of preferment. Out upon such miserable cowards! They deserve to be ecclesiastically knouted all the days of their wretched existences."

And these are the men who claim to have all power in the salvation of souls. The people should be told that they are not only miserable cowards, but arrant humbugs and gross deceivers whom the good God has no use for in the great work of salvation.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for 1893 are now due. Please renew as soon as possible.

 CONVERTS FROM ROME.

THE first letter we publish this month shows what prayerful zeal can do in presenting the truth to Roman Catholics. As our correspondent holds a public position which might be rendered insecure if the name of the city were given and the identity of the writer disclosed, we can only say that the letter is written from one of our large cities.

— March 20, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—I must tell you a little good news. I am teaching in this city, and I learned that one of the other teachers was a Roman Catholic, and I said, "What a pity." He seemed to be such a fine, noble young man that I wondered if he could not be converted. How my heart yearned to see him led into the light and knowledge of God's Word. And so I began to pray for him. Again and again I besought the Lord to bring about in His own good time the young man's enlightenment.

There was another teacher who was a Roman Catholic. I loaned him Father Chiniquy's life, and he said the statement that Catholics were not allowed to read the Bible was absurd; they were allowed to do so, and that he was taught to read it. His father and mother always read the Bible, and he always read whatever he pleased. He was educated at a Protestant school and often attended Protestant places of worship and had heard the Gospel preached. I gave him the January *CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, and after reading it he showed me a passage which he said suited his case. Now he has become a

Protestant and is a very happy man. But he said if he were to go home and tell his parents of the step he had taken there would be no home for him any longer. I advised him to try to win them gradually. He has a brother in the school whom he greatly influences. God bless them both.

Another teacher, a lady, has accepted a Bible and has promised to read it.

Protestants in this city seem to be afraid to bring any testimony against the Roman Church. I fear I have trespassed on your time, but my heart is in your work, and I want to know the best way to reach the hearts of the Roman Catholics. N. A. P.

[You have pursued the best course in leading Roman Catholics to a knowledge of the truth. Your success in your gentle methods shows plainly that God has led you in the best way. Continue in it. Prayerful zeal will give you many souls for your labor. EDITOR *CONVERTED CATHOLIC*.]

— DRAVTON, N. D., March 10, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—I feel it my duty to inform you that I am a converted Catholic, born again not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, bless His holy name! I was born of Roman Catholic parents, and great attention was paid to my religious training. I was sprinkled, confirmed, enrolled in the scapular, had all my catechism by heart, went to confession, and with all candor told my sins and lived a strict Catholic till more than a year ago. I attended the Methodist Church during a revival and was converted. For more than a week I was troubled about my soul until one night between

12 and 1 o'clock the dear Lord spoke peace to my heart. There and then I accepted Jesus as my Saviour, and oh! what a change from Rome's cruel yoke into the liberty of God's dear Son. My Roman Catholic friends and relatives have all abandoned me; but there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother—He that washed me from my sins in His own precious blood. My prayer is that God will bless you in bringing so many of our dear Roman Catholic friends to Jesus. I am 24 years of age, strong and healthy, my soul saved for time and eternity and, bless His holy name, happy in the love of Jesus. T. B.

SAUK CENTRE, MINN., April 14, 1893.

DEAR SIR :—I am a converted Catholic. I have been a member of the M. E. Church for the past three years. Since I have avowed my Protestantism I have been beset by my Catholic friends, who were zealous of my restoration to superstition, with ghost stories, one old lady using profane language to convince me of her veracity; and while I have not been able to cope with them on that ground I have learned from the books and papers I have read, a good deal of the belief and superstition of the Roman Catholic Church.

I have been informed that a certain priest told a Protestant that his father was in hell, and to prove the truthfulness of his statement made the unfortunate parent appear in the distance bound in chains. I have read the wonders of an old picture of the Virgin Mary; how it caused the storm to cease and save the ship, cure a man of rheumatism, cause a thief to give up his ill-gotten goods, etc. I have heard

of a Catholic woman going to heaven and coming back with the intelligence that no Protestants were found up there. For all that I am a Protestant still; for when I see a chronic case of intemperance cured through the instrumentality of the Gospel in a man of my own town, and who has since become a zealous worker in the church, it is a more convincing argument to me than to read of a St. Peter rising from the dead to settle a dispute in court several hundred years ago. I had rather hear of my neighbor becoming converted, giving up drinking in Roman Catholic saloons, paying his debts and becoming a respectable citizen than read of some monk of the sixteenth century restoring to life a widow's hen which had been cooked for dinner. I see more religion in a Protestant eating good substantial meat for the sustenance of his body in Lent, as well as any other time, than in a Roman Catholic abstaining from this wholesome food and making up the deficiency in whiskey. I have heard that the devil can't come where there is holy water, and that a bottle of that sanctified liquid kept constantly in the house is a safeguard against fire; but when I see those who sprinkle themselves daily with it perform ceremonies which would be fitting "His Satanic Majesty," and those who keep it constantly in their homes insure their houses in a Protestant insurance company, I lose all faith in the power of Roman Catholic idols. I don't believe in calling on St. Sebastian to help me out of one kind of trouble and St. Lucy to help me out of another, while I implore St. Augustine to look after my wayward brother, when the Bible says there is but One to whom

we can go with all our troubles, and from whom we can expect help and consolation in time of need—the Lord Jesus Christ.

JOHN LANDGROF.

—, N. Y., March 13, 1893.

DEAR SIR :—I am going to send my CONVERTED CATHOLIC, after reading it myself, to a brother who married a Roman Catholic—his second wife—and she has not only taken their children over to the Roman Church, but also a daughter of the his first wife. My own wife was a Roman Catholic, but was converted and become a good help to me in my ministry. May Christ bless His own Mission under your care.

REV. J. A. S.

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT FROM
JESUITISM.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from that city April 20, 1893, gives the following interesting news :

“A distinguished member of the Jesuit order, belonging to the oldest Roman Catholic aristocracy in Germany, Count Paul Honsbroch, brother to a well known Ultramontane member of the Imperial Diet, has publicly severed his connection with the Society of Jesus in circumstances which cannot fail to cause considerable sensation in both the political and the religious world. The ex Jesuit father intends to publish in the next number of the *Preussische Jahrbucher* a full statement of the reasons which have compelled him to renounce the order in which he has for the last thirteen years occupied a somewhat conspicuous position as a militant controversialist. A provincial paper, which claims to quote the introductory passage of Count Honsbroch's statement,

gives the following as the two chief points in the results of Jesuit discipline which his experience has driven him to condemn : ‘It stifles me and almost annihilates independence and individuality of character ; it militates against and well nigh kills the legitimate pride of nationality and sense of patriotism.’ Count Honsbroch does not conceal from himself that in publicly defending his action he will cause grief to many with whom he is connected by the closest ties of friendship and of blood ; but he adds : ‘I have belonged for so many years to the Jesuit order, my name has so often been associated with it in literary warfare, that secession, unless accompanied by an authentic declaration of the circumstances, would be an insoluble mystery, which would only give rise to false and calumnious interpretations both for myself and the order. Though I may have to lay bare my experiences and feelings of a painfully intimate character, it is a sacrifice which I feel bound to make in the cause of truth.’”

Count Honsbroch's precaution against the “false and calumnious interpretations” of the Jesuits regarding his withdrawal from their order will not save him from their aspersions upon his character and motives. They will say he was insubordinate and had not a true vocation, that he wanted to get married, etc., etc. A dispatch to the New York *Tribune*, May 6, 1893, says he has been excommunicated, and as an excommunicated person is unworthy of belief in Roman Catholic circles the Jesuits hope by this means to discredit him. As soon as his statement is received we shall give Count Honsbroch's reasons for leaving the Jesuit order and denouncing it.

MISSION WORK AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE following letter will be read with more interest than is usually manifested in the reports of missionaries in distant fields :

ST. PETER'S MISSION, }
 LESSER SLAVE LAKE, PEACE RIVER }
 DIST., N. W. T., CANADA, March 8. }

DEAR MR. O'CONNOR :—

As a reader of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC and as one engaged and deeply interested in the same work, though my work is among a very different class of people, namely Cree Indians, I have for the last two years intended writing you as a fellow laborer in the common cause of extending our Master's Kingdom within the dark walls of Rome.

I have not been a subscriber to the magazine, but a friend of mine in Vermillion, Peace River, has kindly sent it to me for the last three years, and I have always read it with very great interest, and it has been a source from which I have often gathered "stones for my sling." It is now nearly seven years since I commenced to labor as a missionary of the Church Missionary Society among Roman Catholic Indians at and about Lesser Slave Lake. The mission was established in 1887. The only members of our church were a few English and Canadians, employes of the Hudson Bay Company. Now, I am thankful to say, we have nearly 100 church members, and one-third of these have come out of the Roman Catholic Church, and the rest were chiefly heathen. The priests had established a mission here some 30 years before my arrival, but had not attempted to educate a single child. When I opened

a school for Indian children it was denounced by the priests as the highway to hell. The parents were told that it would be better for them to throw their children in the lake or the fire than to send them to our school, since by doing so they might save the souls of their children, but if they allowed them to be taught in a Protestant school they would lose both soul and body. However, the Indians did not seem to accept that part of their gospel and so continued, in spite of their denunciations and threats of excommunication, to send their children. The only alternative then was for them to open school themselves, which they did very much against their will. Of course they know that while the Indians remained ignorant it would be more easy to keep them in the fold, since the poor souls while ignorant are not likely to break the fence and wander into the good pastures of the kingdom of God. They fear that our Lord's words, "the truth shall make you free," will prove too true in the case of the Indians. According to their doctrines there is more virtue in ignorance than in truth.* One of the priests told me it was not right to educate Indians. "Well, then," I said, "why do you follow our bad example."

The Roman religion of course is a very convenient one for those who wish to serve both God and mammon, since it demands so little change in the heart or life, and it is a very attractive one for the Indians who are more readily reached through the senses than through the mind and heart. And as far as their idols and superstition are concerned the Church

of Rome only asks them to make an exchange. She asks them to lay down their medicine bags, paints and head dresses and she will give them beads, crosses, medals, etc., instead, and for any number of sins, however heinous, they can obtain forgiveness on easy terms. They may be drunk and fighting on Friday and take the body and blood of Christ on Sunday. The most unpardonable sin is to come to our services to hear the true Gospel. Thank God, many of them have come and the truth has set them free. The Indians have often remarked to me, "What we hear in our own church only seems to enter heads, but what we hear in your church makes an impression on our hearts," and I believe it is because it makes them feel that their hearts are so bad that some of them don't like to come too frequently. They know that we don't give sacraments to drunkards, thieves and liars, so they prefer the religion that will pander to their weakness.

Through the kindness of our Heavenly Father we have been able to build a good Mission House, a nice church and a school. Last fall we started a boarding school or Indian Children's Home. We have 18 children in the home, 10 boys and 8 girls, and we might have had as many more if we had been able to accommodate and support them, but as we are entirely dependent upon subscriptions, our progress in this direction is slow. Mrs. Holmes has the girls in the Mission House, and Mr. Mullin, our teacher, and his brother have the boys in a separate building. It is a real joy to bring these 18 souls twice a day to the feet of Jesus to hear the Word of Life, and it is marvelous the

change that 4 months of indoor training has made on such rough material. May we ourselves know more and more of Jesus and be more filled with the Holy Spirit, so that these poor souls may not only hear the Word of Jesus but see something of His life in ours. Then only will they believe in the reality of our religion.

As one who receives but a small salary, I enclose you 50 cents as my subscription for THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. I also enclose an additional 50 cents for a few copies of that little pamphlet written by Father Connellan, the converted Irish priest, "Hear the Other Side."

If you care for it I will gladly give you a fuller account of our work here. May the Lord abundantly bless your efforts on behalf of the poor prisoners in Rome's dungeon.

REV. GEORGE HOLMES.

[Will not our readers write to this brother and send him help for his Mission House with a hearty "God bless you?"

KIND WORDS.


From the Cleveland *Evangelical Messenger*, April 18, 1893 :

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC, edited and published by Rev. James A. O'Connor, is an excellent monthly publication for all who desire to know the true inwardness of current events in the Roman Church. Mr. O'Connor is a converted Catholic priest, who devotes his energies to the conversion of Roman Catholics by showing them the error of their ways. He is warm hearted, generous, zealous and well informed. His magazine is full of valuable information. He is doing a much needed work.

From the St. Louis *Mid Continent*,
April 19, 1893 :

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC keeps its readers well posted and well warned. It is an able, fearless, readable magazine.

A LESSON IN FREEDOM OF SPEECH FOR OUR ROMAN CATHOLIC FRIENDS.

 FORMER priest of the Roman Catholic Church has been the means of giving the Roman Catholics of the United States a lesson that they will not soon forget. This gentleman, Dr. George P. Rudolph, had been a priest in the diocese of Cleveland, Ohio, for twelve years and had been pastor of the Roman Catholic Church at Clyde in 1881 when he renounced his allegiance to Rome. He became a teacher, and as he was a man of scholarly attainments his career in his new profession promised to be a successful one.

Like all priests who become secularists, Dr. Rudolph was not interested in religious questions, and he neither spoke nor wrote anything on the subject. But he continued to reside in Clyde, and his presence in the town where he had been a priest was so objectionable to Bishop Gilmour and the other priests that they began a systematic persecution that caused him to lose one good position after another until he was compelled in self defence to turn on them. He took the public platform and denounced them in unsparing terms. For the last three years he has been engaged in such work.

Last January he was invited to deliver an address in Lafayette, Indiana. When he appeared on the stage of the Opera House in that city he found an audience of over 1,000 persons awaiting him. Throwing his overcoat on a seat he stood alone on the stage as he began his lecture, which was on the general subject of his renunciation of Romanism. He had been speaking only ten minutes when there was a

commotion at the wings of the stage, and a score of rough men with revolvers in their hands appeared. They were within twenty feet of the lecturer. With a shout they advanced towards him, each man firing his revolver. The bullets hit Dr. Rudolph in the hand and the side, and one ball is still lodged in his body. Notwithstanding his wounded condition he grabbed his overcoat, took from its pocket a revolver and shot back at his assailants. He emptied every chamber of the revolver at them, and they fled before him, tumbling over one another in their mad rush to escape.

The excited audience arose as one person and the greatest confusion prevailed. The sheriff was called out to preserve order, and he immediately swore in deputies. There were a dozen policemen present in the Opera House, but as they were all Roman Catholics they did not even pretend to make an effort to protect the lecturer. The excited condition of the audience and the frantic yells of the Roman Catholics present prevented the continuation of the lecture, though after binding up his wounded hand and staunching the floor of blood, Dr. Rudolph said he was ready to proceed. But the sheriff would not allow him and the meeting was brought to a close.

Next day the whole city was aroused and a cry went up that order must be preserved and freedom of speech maintained. The City Attorney was called upon by some of the leading citizens with a request for the prosecution of the disturbers. The machinery of the law was promptly set in motion and within a few days

twenty Roman Catholics were arrested and indicted by the Grand Jury. Each one was tried separately and the first case was that of Bartholomew Murphy, a liquor dealer and prominent Democratic politician. He was found guilty of being one of the rioters who rushed on the stage to attack Dr. Rudolph, though it could not be proved that he had fired the shot that caused the wound. He was immediately sentenced to the penitentiary for two years and to pay a fine of \$1,000. This was quick justice, as the date of the lecture when the attempt was made to assassinate Dr. Rudolph was on January 26, and the sentence was passed on April 5.

The next person tried was a man named Clark, also a prominent Roman Catholic of Lafayette, and he was convicted and sentenced to four years imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$2,000 for attempted assassination. The trial of the others will follow in due time, and there is no doubt but the fair name of the city of Lafayette will be vindicated from the blood stain cast upon it by the followers of the Pope of Rome. All honor to the expriest who maintained, at the risk of his life, the principle of freedom of speech for every American citizen.

But what shall be said of the Roman Catholics who not only tried to prevent freedom of speech but attempted to assassinate the man who exercised his right to address his fellow citizens in a public hall on a subject of so much importance that 1,000 persons assembled to hear him on a cold, stormy night? If such persons were in a majority in Lafayette Dr. Rudolph would have been assassinated and no one would dare to speak aloud

or write on any subject that would be displeasing to the Pope of Rome and his agents—the bishops and priests in this country. That is what Roman supremacy means. But our Catholic friends have received a lesson from Dr. Rudolph, the ex-priest, that they will not soon forget. Now let the ministers of Lafayette and other cities of Indiana begin special evangelistic meetings in their churches and halls where Christianity and Romanism can be discussed, and invite their Catholic neighbors to attend, if only to give them for once in their lives an opportunity to hear the Gospel of the Son of God that saves without Pope or priest, and it may be that God will use this attempted assassination as the means of leading many souls out of darkness into light. Let it not be forgotten that these Roman Catholics do not know the truth of God. They think they do, but everyone who takes the Bible in hand and studies it knows that they do not know any better than to shout "Hurrah for the Pope!" even while in the next breath they blaspheme the name of God. The priests do not preach the Gospel to their people, for they do not know themselves what the good news of salvation by faith in Christ alone means. They ought to know, but they do not. No one has told it to them, it is not in their books or their traditions, and they never heard that they could be saved from their sins and reconciled to God without sacraments and ceremonies. Give the priests and people an opportunity to learn God's way of salvation if they will. This is as much the duty of American Christians as it is to send missionaries and Bibles to the Hindoos and Chinese.

SOME HARD THINKING FOR THE POPE.

BY AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

THE Church must make capital, and the greatest possible capital out of the World's Columbian Fair. It is the opportunity not simply of a century, but of a thousand years." A fragment of a soliloquy, but not the soliloquy of an Irishman. Some time ago an Irish lady ardently attached to the See of St. Peter, said to me: "The Pope ought to think a great deal of the Irish, for they are exceedingly faithful to him, and then his holiness is an Irishman into the bargain." "Why, my dear friend," said I, "the Pope is an Italian, and every Pope for hundreds of years has been a native of that sunny land of the South. No Irishman was ever Pope. There was, however, one Englishman a Pope." "What!" exclaimed this Irishwoman. "An Englishman a Pope! No, no, nothing of the kind; the Irish would never submit to an English Pope." "Why," replied I with a smile to my hostess, "Pope Adrian IV. was an Englishman, and I will tell you something more startling still, this English Pope gave Ireland to Henry II., king of England." I verily believe that the whole College of Cardinals could not have convinced that good Irishwoman that Pope Adrian IV. was infallible.

"The Church must make capital, and the greatest possible capital out of the World's Columbian Fair. It is the opportunity not simply of a century, but of a thousand years." A fragment of a soliloquy of an Italian statesman, Pope Leo XIII. Just in the midst of this soliloquy a servant—not the servant that Father Tom met at the Vatican—announces, "A package of pa-

pers from America." Soon the package is in the hands of his holiness. "The Chicago *Inter Ocean*," he exclaimed. "Let me see what it contains. A letter by 'A Catholic Priest.' Well, now, I must read that. Archbishop Feehan must have sent it to me. The writer states that the 'saintly Archbishop, a prelate without stain or reproach, is a fit subject to wear a cardinal's crown, and to sit in the cabinet of the Pope.' Well, I must read this letter through. That 'Catholic Priest' certainly writes like an Irishman. The 'imperance' of the fellow! Where will he stop? Of him I can say as my predecessor said to Father Tom, 'By all that's good I often hard ov the imperance ov you Irish afore.' Just listen to him. He has reached the conclusion that Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan is worthy to wear not only a cardinal's crown, but the Pope's tiara."

"The Pope's tiara." When the present archbishop of Chicago is wearing 'the Pope's tiara' this 'Catholic Priest' expects, without doubt, to be Papal Secretary of State. What a glorious condition of things will *then* take place! The blessings of Home Rule, and what the heretics call Rome Rule, will be enjoyed by the children of Erin. The holy yearning of the *Moniteur de Rome*—"We yearn to see Protestantism extirpated from Ireland"—expressed in its issue of January 25, 1886, will then be an accomplished fact. Patrick I. will undo what Adrian IV. did. The wrongs of centuries will be righted. Ireland will become the mistress of the seas and England will sit at the feet of that mistress as mute as—

'The harp that once thorough Tara's halls
The soul of music shed.'

"I must," said the Pope, "read that paragraph again, commencing with, 'Ah! it is getting late!' Does that 'Chicago Priest' think I am going to die soon? He certainly does, and yet my eye is not dim nor my natural force abated. That paragraph is spicy. I will read it once more. 'Ah! it is getting late! Soon the glorious sun of Christendom, Leo XIII., shall have set behind the horizon of life; soon that great and good man, the brightest ornament and glory of the nineteenth century, shall have slept the sleep of his predecessors in the chair of Peter; soon he shall have gone to reap the reward of his labors in the kingdom of Jesus Christ, his divine Master, whom he served so long and well.'

"Beyond a doubt," the Sovereign Pontiff exclaimed, "that man who writes from Chicago, signing himself 'A Catholic Priest,' was born in Ireland, and most certainly has kissed the Blarney Stone. 'Soon the glorious sun of Christendom, Leo XIII., shall have set behind the horizon of life!' This is only a fragment of his long sentence. What a cloud of words he employs in order to convey the thought 'the Pope will soon die.' It is true I will die. My infallibility will not prolong life. I ought to create one more cardinal in the United States, but upon whom shall I bestow the red hat? If it had not been for the foolish move of Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis in violently opposing infallibility at the Vatican Council he would have received the red hat many years ago; if oratory of the highest order is entitled to consideration Arch-

bishop Ryan of Philadelphia ought not to be forgotten; Archbishop Corrigan's name has been prominently mentioned for the cardinalate, and Archbishop Ireland, that many-sided character, the possessor of unquestionable strength, the deviser of the new Faribault school scheme, would make a very good cardinal, but as for Archbishop Feehan, though 'a type of all that is good and noble in man,' yet he has not succeeded, like Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Gibbons, in getting himself before the eyes of the American people. What 'A Catholic Priest' states is true—'Chicago is the city of his See—Chicago the great, the majestic metropolis of the World's Columbian Fair, and the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan is the incumbent of that See.' If 'A Chicago Priest' or the Sultan of Turkey makes a sensible suggestion I ought to give it, at least, some consideration. Again I repeat what I was saying when the servant entered with that package of papers from America—'*The Church must make capital*, and the greatest possible capital out of the World's Columbian Fair. It is the opportunity not simply of a century, but of a thousand years.' Ages must elapse before such an opportunity in the United States will come again. I am almost inclined to make Archbishop Feehan a cardinal. I really think I will.

"'Worthy to wear the Pope's tiara.'

A cardinal's crown will only please that 'Catholic Priest' for the present. The first Pope was Peter; there has never been a Patrick yet. If after my death the College of Cardinals—the majority of whom, like myself, are Italians—should elect Cardinal Patrick Feehan of Chicago to be Pope,

what rejoicing there would be in Ireland ; what bonfires would blaze on the hills of his native county, Tipperary ; what a jubilee there would be in Chicago ! I believe I will retire to rest ; I am weary with the labors of the day ; the cares of the Papacy are no sinecure."

Next morning Leo XIII. awakes, refreshed with slumber of the night. A walk through the *Sala Regia*, a magnificent hall in the Vatican, awakes memories of the olden times. On the walls are pictures by Vasari. These represent the triumphs of the Papal Church. Four of these frescoes show the horrors of the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's eve. Leo XIII. gazes long and earnestly at the frescoes representing one of the darkest and bloodiest deeds in the annals of crime, frescoes placed there by command of Pope Gregory XIII., and he exclaims :

"So perish all the enemies of the holy Roman Church. To say, as has often been affirmed, that 'my saintly predecessor, Gregory XIII., did not approve of that massacre is not true. These frescoes tell their own story. No enemy of the Church placed them there. Only last night I was looking over my file of the *London Times*, and in the issue of that paper for November 9, 1874, I read once more the letter written by Lord Acton, a most devoted child of the Church, to Mr. Gladstone, in which he truthfully said that Gregory XIII. 'on learning that the Protestants were being massacred in France, pronounced the action glorious and holy,' and 'implored the king during two months by his nuncio and legate to carry the work on to the bitter end until every Huguenot had

recanted or perished.' Once more I exclaim, 'So perish all the enemies of the holy Roman Church !'

"Without any further delay I must glance once more at that letter in the *Inter Ocean*. The writer not only asserts 'The American Republic and the Papacy have been always kindly disposed toward each other,' but he also affirms concerning myself, 'No greater admirer of republican institutions exists than he,' and I am comforted with the thought that a large proportion of those simple Americans will believe every syllable of those assertions. How glad I am that so few of the readers of the *Inter Ocean* have read that blessed utterance in the *New York Catholic World* for September 1871, Vol. XIII., page 736 : 'Protestantism, like the heathen barbarisms which Catholicity subdued, lacks the element of order, because it rejects authority [the authority of the Pope], and is necessarily incompetent to maintain real liberty or civilized society. Hence it is we so often say that if the American Republic is to be sustained and preserved at all it must be by the rejection of the principle of the Reformation and the acceptance of the Catholic principle by the American people.' The American Republic has been always kindly disposed toward the Papacy, but the Papacy, at heart, has not, nor will not, be kindly disposed toward the American Republic so long as Bancroft's statement, 'America was most thoroughly a Protestant country,' holds true. When loyalty to Catholic truth and the will of an infallible Pontiff demands it, I teach, as the *Catholic World* for July 1868, Vol. VII., page 438, beautifully expresses it, 'The authority of the

State must be braved, human affections must be disregarded, life must be sacrificed.' I have examined the Constitution of the United States which President Cleveland sent me a few years ago, and its teachings are certainly not in accordance with the teachings of the Syllabus. I am in delightful accord with that heavenly statement found in the *Catholic World* for April 1870, Vol. XI., page 8: 'We do not pretend that the Church [of Rome] is or ever has been tolerant. She certainly is opposed to what the nineteenth century calls religious liberty.'

"In a letter written to one of my cardinals in March, 1879, I asserted that if I possessed the power I claim I would employ it to close all Protestant schools and places of worship in Rome, and in that land of liberty—where 'A Catholic Priest' correctly states that the Papal Church 'is as free and as untrammelled to carry on the work of her divine founder as the air she breathes'—*if I possessed the power for which I yearn* I would employ it to *close every Protestant school and place of worship before sunset*."

"The Boston *Pilot* of January 24, 1885, correctly reported a speech I made on the preceding Christmas eve, in which I expressed the deep anguish of my soul at Protestant activity in the Holy City, and pronounced the deplorable condition of things detrimental to the liberty of the bishops of Rome. My life is a suppressed life. I am hemmed in on every side. I want simply liberty for Leo XIII., and this liberty that I claim for myself I do not propose to grant to others. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia states that I am remarkable for my 'knowl-

edge of the genius of this century.' I shall take my place by and by on the page of history side by side with those great Pontiffs, Gregory VII. and Innocent III. My name has become a synonym for power. I have the *right*, as Cardinal Manning conclusively shows in his 'Essays on Religion,' to say to every heretical ruler, 'I annul the election or I forbid the succession.' *I certainly annulled the election of President Harrison last November.* The *Catholic Herald* truthfully says: 'The Republican party led by bigots invaded the sanctuary of the home, usurped parental rights and robbed Catholic Indians of their only treasure their faith; but the people, true to the best traditions of America, hurled it from power. Cleveland's victory was, in truth, the defeat of bigotry.'

"I can sling from political office every man that will not do my bidding. I have the American press completely under my control. The Protestants in that Republic are asleep. If they continue to believe what 'A Catholic Priest' of Chicago affirms—that 'no greater admirer of republican institutions exists than the Sovereign Pontiff of Rome'—then application will be made to me forthwith that I permit some of those medals that were struck in the mint of Gregory XIII. to commemorate the slaughter of the Huguenots, to be exhibited at the World's Columbian Fair. May Mary, the ever Virgin, the blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints grant that the American people may not find out that Bishop Foss of the Methodist Episcopal Church is the possessor of one of those medals!"

"LOVE THE STRANGER."

[New York "Independent," May 4, 1893.]

THIS is the command which the Lord gave to the children of Israel by Moses: "Love the stranger, for ye were strangers." It is an extraordinary command, far beyond the ethics of its day or of our day, and it is enforced by the argument that "the Lord loveth the stranger." By the Romans the same word was used for *stranger* and *enemy*.

The command to "love the stranger" is one that bears with special obligations on American Christians. We ought to be at least as full of affection and helpfulness and justice toward the stranger as were the Jews of Palestine. We have a noble opportunity to exercise this hospitable grace, and the fruit of it is to our great advantage. Beyond any other nation have we been called on to entertain strangers. They have come to us by the thousands and millions. We have not been wholly unchristian to them as a nation. We have welcomed them, except the Chinese lately, though perhaps for our own purposes; and have given them land, homes, schools for their children, and citizenship. Perhaps we have been more generous to them as a nation than we have been as individual Christians.

We are afraid that our forefathers showed very little personal and affectionate interest in the Irish when they first came to our shores. They were decent, often kind, to those who came as servants into their families, and in that relation the chief ties of kindly fellowship were formed between the American and the immigrant. We fear they were not very much sought out in their humble homes with help-

ful sympathy, but were regarded rather as uncouth foreigners to be kept at a distance and not invited to the church or given social recognition. It is a wonder that they have assimilated as far as they have with us. Their progress is due in but very slight degree to the faithfulness of our Protestant churches. Had they been met in the spirit of the Mosaic command the result might have been different.

But now a new immigration is upon us—that of the Italians. They are within our reach, right in our cities and large towns, on the lowest round of the ladder, doing the rough, coarse work that the Irishmen used to do, on the roads and railways. They are bringing with them their wives and children. There are colonies of them right by almost every large church within reach of the hospitality of its members. What are we doing for them? They are very accessible, even to Protestants; for they come from a country where it is patriotism to be hostile to the Roman Church. Those who will seek them out and try to help them can easily get their confidence, and they are a responsive and capable race. Their children will be prosperous and influential citizens. We know a colony of 10,000 Italians in a neighboring city, and the only Protestant church that has tried to "love the stranger" has 100 Italian men in its mission. The first thing done is to invite them to classes to learn English. Any church can do that, and it does not need that the teachers shall know Italian. It is well to teach the Chinese English, but even better to teach the Italians. It is not Christianity alone but patriotism to make Americans of them as soon as possible—

Christian Americans—for we have been too often told that they are infidels. What is true of our duty to them is also true of the Hungarians and Poles, though it may be more difficult to reach them. There is no more pressing duty to our churches than to seek and help these strangers.

If this is a duty for Protestant Christians, much more is it a duty of Catholics. These Italians are nominal Catholics. Although American Catholicism is predominantly of Irish origin, and the Irish are not fond of the Italians, yet they ought to have a special sympathy for them and take fraternal interest in their religious and social advancement. But we are not specially concerned with the duties of Catholics, but of Protestants. The Catholics have done, and are doing, nearly all their strength will allow for the immigrant. Let them develop their missions, but let all our Protestant churches also reach out a hand to the stranger who comes to us from the land where Paul and perhaps Peter suffered martyrdom, the land which produced the greatest empire the world ever saw, the land of Cicero and Virgil, of Dante and Petrarch, of Michel Angelo and Raphael, of Cavour and Garibaldi.

Christian reader, what will your church do for the stranger at your door, the stranger whose children will rule this Republic? Those children will be what you make them. "Love the stranger."

Rome's False Claims.

The late boasting of a Roman Catholic priest that the Protestants do very little for the poor compared with his Church, may deceive the public

who are out of the way of practical comparison. We who work in the public institutions of charities and corrections—institutions built and supported largely by the money of Protestants and men of no religion—can tell a very different tale.

We seldom see any of the Sisters of Mercy in the institutions; and what is done by them is nothing compared with the work of many Protestant ladies who visit week by week, and day by day, and minister largely of comforts of every kind. Officials and inmates know that this is true, and we could give many instances; but let the following stand for a host of others:

A Roman Catholic woman called to see me from Charity Hospital after her husband died and left her destitute with three children. One gentleman took one of her children home and kept it during her stay at the hospital. Two Protestant sisters took another, and the third was with a German Protestant in the city. The poor woman was obliged to pawn all her things before going to the hospital.

"Why don't you go to your priest for help?" she was asked.

"They don't do anything."

"Then why do you have anything to do with him. You go to Protestants, who take care of you and do all they can for you, and yet you go to the priest who, instead of helping you, will take from you whatever you may have in hand to give. I would not have anything to do with such a man. You call him 'Father,' but he provides nothing for you, his child."

The woman got what she desired, as do all others who are found to be worthy.

W. G. F.

MONTHLY RECORD OF ROMAN CATHOLIC EVENTS.

IN an editorial entitled "A Departed Colonel" the *Catholic Universe* of April 1, 1893, says many harsh things of the late Elliott F. Shepard. Some of them are worth quoting: "To the public at large," it says, "he was merely a dull and uninteresting buffoon. . . . After all he was infinitely more fool than knave. And that is the highest tribute which charity can pay his memory." Roman Catholicism never forgives nor forgets. And the old maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, does not find favor in its eyes when it comes to those who were not in sympathy with Rome.

* *

Of all the anti-Christian rites and performances of the Roman Catholic Church none is so abominably sacrilegious nor so shockingly realistic as the reception of nuns, called in the Latin text of the Roman *Pontificale* the "Benediction and Consecration of Virgins," in other works the "Marriage of Virgins to Christ." And as the Roman priest of flesh and blood represents Christ on earth, the inference is plain enough, without any further comment on the morality of the religious orders. The most terrible blasphemy ever uttered by human lips is certainly found in this prayer, offered by the bishop over the new nuns standing before him:

"O God, . . . prepare them under the governance of wisdom for all the work of virtue and glory. That, overcoming the enticements of the flesh, and rejecting forbidden concubinage, they may merit the indissoluble *copula* of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord (*insolubilem filii*

tui Domini nostri Jesus Christi copulam mereantur)!" We quote from the eighth volume edition of the *Pontificale*, published in Mechlin, Belgium, in 1854.

* *

In the same service the Pontiff pronounces the following curse or anathema against such as might lead the nuns astray or injure them in the possession of their goods: "But if any one shall dare to attempt such a thing, let him be accursed at home and abroad; accursed in the city and in the field; accursed in walking and sleeping; accursed in eating and drinking; accursed in walking or sitting; accursed in his flesh and his bones; and from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head, let him have no soundness. Come upon him the malediction which, by Moses in the Law, the Lord hath laid on the sons of iniquity. Be his name blotted out from the book of the living, and not be written with the righteous. His portion and inheritance be with Cain the fratricide, with Dathan and Abiram, with Ananias and Sapphira, with Simon the sorcerer and Judas the traitor; and with those who have said to God, Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. Let him perish in the day of judgment; and let everlasting fire devour him with the devil and his angels, unless he make restitution and come to amendment. So be it, so be it."

Rome has indeed reduced cursing to a fine art. How different from our Lord Jesus Christ, who said: "Bless them that curse you; bless and curse not."

The Madrid incident already referred to in these columns suggests some very pertinent remarks to some of the leading papers and magazines. The *Christian at Work* says :

"Protestantism has finally conquered in its fight for liberty in Madrid, and the Protestant church which has been built has been formally opened for divine service with the consent of the authorities. Roman Catholic fanatics bitterly opposed the opening, but pressure from our representative prevailed at the last. Six hundred worshippers were present at the first meeting. Yet it was only a few years ago when it was not safe for a traveler to display an open Bible in Madrid. The world moves."

* * *

The *Missionary Review of the World* says on the same topic :

"In spite of the emphatic protests of the Papal nuncio, the Bishop of Madrid and thousands of aristocratic Catholics, a Protestant church at Madrid has been consecrated with the consent of Premier Sagasta. The consecration ceremony had been postponed repeatedly because the approval of the conservative premier, just succeeded by Sagasta, could not be obtained. 'Protests' indeed ! Are we dwelling in the nineteenth century, or are we back in the ninth instead ?"

* * *

Another instance of clerical despotism. At St. Agatha, in the county of Terrebonne, Quebec, a man who had not received the obligatory Easter communion, was taken sick and died while they had gone for a priest. But the parish priest refused to give him a burial in the Roman Catholic cemetery, and the father of the deceased

dug out a hole in his own field and buried his son there. The same priest made himself notorious lately by refusing to baptize a new-born babe whose father had not paid all he owed to the church. So the oldest sister of the child had to work hard for a whole month in order to earn the money due the priest, who then administered the sacrament. Roman Catholics believe that infants dying without baptism cannot go to heaven. This is enough to condemn the heartless, greedy, priest. No money, no religion.

* * *

Everybody has heard of Monte Carlo, the notorious gambling den of Europe. But only a few know that Monaco, in which it is situated, is the most Roman Catholic spot in the whole of Europe. It is full of Jesuits, secular priests, monks and nuns. The prince of Monaco is a devoted Roman Catholic, and both he and the bishop of the place are intimate friends. If the Pope was willing to have the infamous resort closed it could be done at once. But the income his Church gets indirectly from it is too powerful a consideration for that.

* * *

On Good Friday, this year, in all the Roman Catholic churches of America, took place a queer ceremony called the "Worship of the Cross." Amid singing, processions, etc., a wooden cross is unveiled before the people and placed on the steps of the altar. Then the officiating priest and the rest of the clergy took off their shoes and worshipped the same cross. The Latin words read : "We adore Thy cross, O Lord (*Crucem tuam adoramus, Domine*)."

If this is not idolatry, then words mean nothing at all.

Father Charles Chiniquy, the Canadian reformer and "Apostle of Temperance," has received from the Presbyterian College, Montreal, the degree of D. D. He is now lecturing with success among the Catholics in various parts of the country.

The publishers of the Montreal *Canada Review*, the Roman Catholic weekly magazine condemned by Archbishop Fabre, have just begun civil proceedings to recover from that dignitary \$50,000 for damages and loss incurred through the episcopal boycott. The most stupendous feature of it all is that the Archbishop admits never having seen nor read the obnoxious articles that called forth his condemnation. He only acted upon the advice of his priests and under a great pressure, as he told the representatives of the paper. The case will have interesting developments.

J. A. D.

Some Results of Romanism.

BY A PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL MINISTER.

It seems plainly a providence of God in opening our gates to the Roman Catholic population from Ireland, Italy and other countries of Europe, for it enables us to contrast the results of the corrupt civilization with that which a Bible reading and Bible teaching tends to produce. The contrast of the shanty neighborhoods in city and country with the neat and commodious American dwelling is not more marked than the moral and religious character of those who inhabit

them. And the priests who, in every country town, are the originators of this plan to help their people away from the contact with Protestants, and from the resulting influence, are doing a good work. They make our people well acquainted with the system which produces such sad results.

The truth is manifest that St. Peter's earnest words about the Word of God as the great agency in purifying and elevating men is not regarded. The mechanical routine of oft-repeated prayers fails to change the character. The inward is sacrificed to the outward. Said an Irish woman to me: "I would not lose my candle, which has been blessed, and the paper it is wrapped in for one hundred dollars." Yet this woman was an outrageous liar and a miserable drunkard.

Those who are familiar with the services in our public institutions have occasion to often notice the foul language, bitter and profane, which is uttered by the Roman Catholic inmates against one another, and the most abandoned men and women oftener. The women will consign Protestants to hell.

We hope that the words St. Peter's successor now at Rome, commending his people to read and study the Bible, will be carried into practice. We doubt it, still it is a bold thing for him to do, and a stroke of policy which we admire and which may be prophetic of far greater results, than the author of the policy may have anticipated.

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THE LAVER.

BY REV. GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

THE Tabernacle of Israel had many important vessels connected with it. Not the least important was the laver occupying its position between the altar of sacrifice and the door of the sanctuary. It was described as follows :

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Thou shalt also make a laver of brass, and his foot also of brass, to wash withal: and thou shalt put it between the tabernacle of the congregation and the altar, and thou shalt put water therein. For Aaron and his sons shall wash their hands and their feet thereat. When they go into the tabernacle of the congregation they shall wash with water, that they die not; or when they come near to the altar to minister, to burn offering made by fire unto the Lord. So they shall wash their hands and their feet, that they die not: and it shall be a statute for ever to them, even to him and to his seed throughout their generation. (Ex. 30: 17-21.)

Accurate measurements were given for each of the other vessels of ministry and their form defined, but neither shape nor size were given of the laver. Is not this omission significant? Does it not suggest the thought this vessel specially typified the work of the Holy Spirit ministering through His own Word of cleansing power. The altars, table, candlestick, ark and mercy seat typified the person and work of the Lord Jesus. And as became man, outlined before our eyes, form and dimensions were given of those vessels which represented Him. But the Holy Spirit is given without measure, whom no man hath seen or can see. The material use for the construction of the laver is thus described :

And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it of brass, of the looking glasses of the women which assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. (Ex. 38: 8.)

When the Israelites left Egypt they brought away with them many valuable things which were afterward employed in the service of the Tabernacle. Amongst them were the polished mirrors of copper which had become the property of the Israelitish women. The self-denial of those women proved what manner of spirit they were of. When God's claims upon the assembly were known they showed their appreciation of them by fixing up the article which, employed for self admiration, contributed most to the gratification of the flesh. There is a practical lesson in their example for us. When we are ready to part (without grudging) with things considered lawful and necessary, such self-sacrifice will redound to the glory of God. How blessed indeed to be possessed of that spirit which enable us "to leave all and follow Jesus."

None but priests had right to access into the Tabernacle. Yet even priests must be washed in pure water before appearing within the precincts of the sanctuary. For this purpose the laver was provided. All stains of wilderness defilement must be removed; all spots and blemishes of earth must be cleansed. Is there not an allusion to this in Psalm 24: 3, 4:

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.

And again in Psalm 26: 6:

I will wash mine hands in innocency; so will I compass thine altar, O Lord.

The laver with its cleansing water symbolized the provision made for believers who as worshippers draw near unto God. The truth represented by the priestly use of the laver is of paramount importance and practical in its bearing upon ourselves. The

great doctrine of justification through the blood of the cross was typified by the brazen altar and its services. Preparation for worship, through daily cleansing, is the prominent feature of truth taught by the laver. Christ *for* us is the first part of the Gospel. By Him we are all "justified from all things." This is altar testimony. Christ *in* us by His Spirit controlling and directing our life and ways through the Word, is another part of the same Gospel closely connected with the first. This the laver witnesses. The Spirit, like the laver of mirrors, reveals the defilement—the Spirit also, like the pure water, purifies by His renewing grace. The *hands* and *feet* are washed, by which we are taught that the *walk* and *action* of the renewed man must be governed by purity of motive and accomplished in holiness of purpose. Therefore do we read :

This I say, therefore, and testify in the Lord that ye henceforth walk not as other Gentiles walk. (Eph. 4 : 17.)

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. (1 Cor. 10 : 31.)

These are divine maxims which, if obeyed, will practically illustrate the cleansing which the laver-water symbolized. The Word now assures faith after we have submitted to the Spirit's work within our souls that cleansing has taken place. Thus we are prepared to enter our Father's presence and participate in worship and share also in the enjoyments to which we have been called in the heavenly scene, where Jesus has for us entered with His own blood.

"The laver stands. If earth-defiled,

Go, wash thy hands, thy feet ;

And simply as a pardoned child.

Approach the mercy seat ;

Within the veil thy censer bring,

And burn sweet incense to the King."

The value and power of the Word as the instrument of our sanctification used by the Spirit of God is frequently referred to in the Scriptures.

Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it. That He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word. (Eph. 5 : 25, 25.)

Sanctify them through thy truth. (Jno. 17 : 7.)

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. (Jno. 15 : 3.)

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word. (Psalm 119 : 9.)

The Christian who exercises himself in the truth before God will find the Word correcting sinful habits, condemning carnal ways, rectifying wrong judgments, and displacing all these things by purity of thought, of motive and of action. Holiness is neither self complaisance nor self attainment. It is the Christ life within nurtured by the Word and Spirit of God, and developed under the warmth of the Father's love. By faith in Jesus' blood cleansing of defilement takes place. In the glass of the Word we see Him our perfect model of holiness, and by the Spirit of our God we are morally changed into His image. Thus the Spirit, the Word and the blood are laver-like in their results, and all agree in work and testimony.

The laver in Solomon's temple was called a sea. It was of great dimensions, upheld by oxen cast for the base. There is an allusion to this laver in Revelation :

And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the beast and over his image, and over his mark, and over his name, stand on the sea of glass, having harps of gold. And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb. (Rev. 15 : 2.)

The harp is strung to accompany the song, and the song is one of victory. The redeemed in heaven do not wash in the laver; all sin-defilement has been forever removed. But they do not forget that to which they owe their purity. They stand *on the sea* and sing *of the Lamb*. Oh! what holy occupation! what blissful employment henceforth and forever! Blessed are they who share in that service and unite in that song.

Every vessel of the Tabernacle rings out its own key-note. The voice from the brazen altar proclaims, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." The voice from the laver declares, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." The altar and the laver both point to Christ who has become our redemption and our sanctification.

"Oh, 'tis not Gabriel's place I gain!
Far nobler heights do I attain;
Through my atoning Priest:
Had I an angel's holiness,
I'd throw away that beauteous dress:
And wrap me up in Christ."

Two Brothers—the Devil and the Man of Sin.

Luke 1: 18, says; "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Thes. 2: 3-13: "The Man of Sin, the Son of perdition," is to be made known to the saints before Christ's second coming. In Rev. 13, he is called a Beast, and the devil gives his power (that is, temporal power) to kill the saints and rule the earth. Rev. 20: 10: The devil and beast, or Man of Sin, are cast into the lake of fire and brimstone and are tormented day and night for ever. This lake is hell, their eternal abode.

Rev 1: 18: And I [Christ] "have

the keys of hell and of death." Rev. 3: 7: "He [Christ] hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shuteth; and shuteth, and no man openeth." Rev. 9: 1: "And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit." So by these keys Christ controls heaven and hell. 2 Peter, 2, Peter says: "The heavens and the earth shall be burned up." Matt. 10: 28: "Fear not them who kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

In Rev. 2, the new heaven and the new earth are described. If you will very carefully read your Bible and obey God and ask Christ for wisdom and salvation, He will save you and give you a clean heart, so that you will rejoice in Him as your Redeemer, Priest and King, and He will save you from hell and take you to heaven.

Christ says: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." James 1: 5: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Peter says, Acts 4: 11, 12: "This is the stone [Christ] which was set as naught of you builders [Scribes and Pharisees] which has become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Replying, Christ says, Matt. 16: 18: "Upon this rock [or truth] I will build My Church." Petros—Peter—is a masculine noun; and *petra*, a rock, is a feminine noun, and they have no relation to each other in the original.

THE SCARLET WOMAN; GOD'S FORE-PICTURE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

SERMON DELIVERED AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK, BY REV.

I. M. HALDEMAN, PASTOR, APRIL 16, 1893.

AND I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns.

And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication.

And upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon, the Great, the Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth.

And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; and when I saw her I wondered with great admiration.

I desire to preach to-night on the "Scarlet Woman, or God's Fore-Picture of the Roman Catholic Church." In doing so I shall speak neither with the pride of a partisan, the bitterness of a bigot, the zeal of a fanatic, nor the malice of an enemy. I shall not speak as a representative of a sect or as a preacher of a mere denomination, but as a teacher of Holy Scripture, as an ambassador put in trust with the Gospel, responsible for the defence of the truth; and while I shall speak in no sparing terms of this system I shall have all compassion and commiseration for those who have been involved and are held in the grasp of this power.

I have selected as a characteristic and startling text some of the passages in the seventeenth chapter of the Book of Revelation, from the third to the sixth verses inclusive, but one should read the whole chapter.

A woman in the Scriptures is the type of the Church of Christ. In

Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians, 11: 2, he writes to the assembly at Corinth, and says:

I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ.

And in his Epistle to Ephesians, 5: 31, 32, writing to the assembly of the Church at Ephesus, he declares:

For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh.

This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church.

In the Gospel of Luke, 15: 8, 9, our Lord represents the Church under the figure of a woman with a lighted candle (the type of the Word of God), seeking the sinner, that she may restore him like a lost piece of money to the divine circulation. The characteristics of this symbolic woman are definitely stated in the Scriptures. In Canticles, 1st and 2d, she is said to be the fairest among women, and in the passage I have quoted from Corinthians, "a chaste virgin." In Canticles, 1st and 7th, she is the spouse of Christ. In the Gospel of John she is the bride of the bridegroom. In Rev. 21: 2, "the bride adorned for her husband;" and in Rev. 21: 9, "the bride, the Lamb's wife." There is, therefore, no question, according to the Word of God, that a woman in the Scriptures is the symbol of the Holy Church of Christ.

The woman in the passage before us is undoubtedly symbolic, but she stands in absolute contrast with the woman who is the symbol of the Church; and if it be true that the woman

quoted and presented as the symbol of the Church stands for the holy and true Church, by all analogy this symbolic woman would stand for an unholy and untrue Church.

The woman who is the symbol of the Church is called a chaste virgin, while this woman whose description I have read is called an unchaste woman, the nameless corruptress of the earth, the harlot and the mother of harlots; while the woman who symbolizes the Church is represented as a spouse, widowed for the time being by the long continued absence of her husband, who yet keepeth herself in chaste separation from the allurements of the world. This woman is represented as crying out, "I sit a queen and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. The good man is gone on a long journey; let us delight ourselves in pleasure." And it is added, "The kings of the earth have lived deliciously with her." While the woman who is the symbol of the Church is arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, this woman is arrayed in all the meretricious splendor of purple and scarlet colors, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, and holds in her hand a golden wine cup filled with ingredients of her abominations, which she offers to the nations. In the third of Revelation she is presented under the figure of Jezebel, the wicked wife of Ahab, the wicked king of Israel, and she is there represented as usurping the place of the teacher in the Church of Thyatira, and leading the Church of God to idolatry and to the worship of images; while in Matt. 13:33, our Lord pictures her as a woman hiding leaven in three measure of meal, until the whole lump is leavened. The three

measures are typical of the professing Church, the leaven is typical of the false and corrupt doctrine, and thus we have this woman filling the professing Church with false and corrupt doctrine; and as the woman of the thirteenth of Matthew and the woman of the third of Revelation are seen to be identical in their characteristics with the woman of the seventeenth chapter of Revelation, then the woman of the thirteenth of Matthew and third of Revelation and the seventeenth of Revelation are one and the same; and as adultery and fornication in the Book of Revelation signify union and fellowship with the world, we have here a picture of a system in the Church of Christ, and therefore a religious system leading the professing Church into the close and vile embrace of the world and filling both world and Church with false and corrupt doctrine.

But this woman rides upon a beast with seven heads and ten horns, and this ten-horned beast has been described by the prophet Daniel in the seventh chapter as the fourth beast which he saw in a dream, and in the twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses of that chapter he declares that the fourth beast is the fourth universal kingdom which shall rule the world, and the ten horns the ten kings that shall rise in the last state of that empire; while the fourth beast is identified with the fourth part of the image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in a vision. For Nebuchadnezzar saw an image with a head of gold, breast and arms of silver, thighs of brass, legs of iron and toes part of iron and part of clay; and Daniel said the head of gold is Babylon, and the breast and

arms of silver the Medo-Persian kingdom, and the brazen part of the statue the Grecian kingdom; and I ask every student of history what was the kingdom that came after. Of course every student of history answers, the Roman Empire. And when you remember that every Roman soldier carried on his standard an iron eagle and wore an iron helmet on his head and an iron armour on his breast, and the historians speak of the Roman legions as the iron legions, and the fourth part of the beast was of iron; then it becomes an irresistible conclusion that the fourth part of the statue and the fourth beast is the Roman Empire; and the woman sitting on that beast and supported and carried by him a false religious system in the name of Christ, teaching false and corrupt doctrines, and supported and carried by Roman power.

But this woman is also said in this chapter to be a city—"For the woman which thou sawest is that great city which ruleth over the kingdoms of the earth." As this city and the woman are identical and the woman is called Babylon, then the name of the city, symbolically, is Babylon. And this Babylon is here recognized as situated on seven mountains or seven hills; but we know the actual city of Babylon was not situated on seven hills, but upon the wide plains of Dura, and as we know that this city is identical with this symbolic woman that is set forth as a corrupt religious system, then the conclusion is irresistible that the city and the woman symbolize a false religious system in some city as its capital within the limits of the Roman Empire. But what city in the limits of the Ro-

man Empire is situated upon seven hills or mountains from which it has ruled over the kings of the earth? Every student of history must answer, the imperial, the eternal, the seven hilled city of Rome.

Here then you have a false system of religion teaching false doctrine within the Church of Jesus Christ and having its capital within the city of Rome, from which it rules universally. A universal rule is a Catholic rule. Therefore, you have a universal wide-spread Catholic system in the name of Jesus Christ in the city of Rome and as a Church in the city of Rome, is the Church of Rome, and as that Church has a Catholic rule you have the Catholic Church of Rome, or the Roman Catholic Church, foretold by Almighty God.

What does God foretell concerning that Church? First of all He foretold that the Roman Catholic Church would become the political mistress of the world, and the prophecy is indicated in the fact that this woman is carried by the beast and this beast has been shown to be the Roman Empire. At the commencement of the Christian era nothing seemed less possible or probable than that the Christian Church should become a political power in the world. It was weak in numbers, made up of the poor and humble, the outcasts, the pariahs of society, the slaves, domestics, freedmen, and it is said that for 300 years in the Church of Rome there was not a patrician among them. The Church was an inconsequential body of people, meeting in out of the way places, singing their simple hymns, offering their touching and impromptu prayers,

going about as a brotherhood of divine mercy and seeking unpretentiously, as their Master and Founder, everywhere to do good. By and by increase of numbers brought increase of power, and increase of power brought to the Church those who are influenced by numbers and power, men and women who showed small sign of regeneration and large appetites for worldly ways and ambition; and then there came also increased wealth in the treasury. With increased numbers and increased wealth the ordinary buildings became too small, and they built buildings first after the pattern of the synagogues, then in the form of a temple and then in the form of a cross. The church of the city was better off than the church of the country, and the pastors of the city churches had advantages over the pastors of country churches. By and by the country churches, through their pastors, appealed to the city church for assistance—first for financial help and afterwards for counsel and advice in matters concerning faith and doctrine. Necessarily the leading pastor of the city was chosen to act as the arbiter, as the tribunal of decision. Soon the churches of the cities began to confer with him as well as those of the country. His duties became too arduous to allow him to attend to his own special church as a particular pastor. He was therefore relieved from merely local charges and given the oversight of all the churches in his neighborhood or county, and set apart to this matter of decision and counsel in perplexing cases.

As the ordinary pastor was called a bishop, this man seemed like a sort

of over or archbishop, and lo, the office of archbishop came into view. As there was a necessity for one central man around whom the members and people could gather, so there was a necessity for some great central building in which the councils could be held, and when this building was completed and consecrated it went properly by the name of the "Bishop's Church;" and when the councils met in the church the Bishop was placed in the front on a raised seat to show his authority. This seat was called *cathedra*, and when he spoke from the seat he spoke *ex-cathedra* with authority. A building with a *cathedra* in it is a cathedral and, therefore, this church edifice became the cathedral and the Bishop's throne, the seat the official religious centre of a certain district.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Nun of Kenmare.

Miss M. F. Cusack, the Nun of Kenmare, has not only written many books of a very high order on many phases of Romanism, but she has been equally active on the lecture platform in England for the last two years. She has done good work in warning the English people against Rome's political designs which are as aggressive there as they are in this country. The Lord Mayor of London, like the Mayor of New York, is a Roman Catholic.

Miss Cusack deserves the most generous support of all Protestants. A fund has been started in England to aid her, and we hope our readers will be sharers in this good work. Her address is, care of Hodder & Stoughton, Publishers, 37 Paternoster Row, London, E. C., England.

OLD VOWS AND NEW.

A TRUE STORY OF LIFE IN A MONASTERY, BY JOHN BOND.

PREFACE.

THE facts upon which this story is based are taken from contemporaneous American life. Nothing has been written but what was warranted by the test of actual personal experience. Hundreds of priests, who studied with the author, will recognize the persons and the facts that have been introduced. It is my fervent wish and prayer that they may heed the lesson which the facts, not I, point out so plainly.

Whether this brief recital of the experiences of Edward Randall in the convent and then in the home of his Protestant friend will help to spread the light of the Gospel, God alone can know. He knows that I never touched my pen but with prayer to Him. I have written for His glory alone.

It may not be amiss to say a few words as to the peculiar state of Protestant feeling in this country. American Protestants are not infrequently inclined to accept at their face value the protestations of loyalty and Christian reform which certain Catholic prelates are fond of making. Such Protestants I would earnestly beseech to read the experiences of the author of this story. "He jests at scars who never felt a wound." The millions of Americans who know little of Romanism and whom Rome tries so hard to flatter and deceive, cannot realize that Rome is in America in the nineteenth century exactly what she was in the days of the Inquisition. She has, indeed, changed her methods. She still is hostile to and persecutes heretics wherever she can, but she judiciously

refrains from torturing and burning them. She still believes in the revolting doctrines of indulgences, but she keeps such things in the background in a country like this.

To the poor peasant of Italy and Austria Rome still teaches that the rosary and devotion to a patron saint is a safe way to heaven; to the American she speaks of her venerable age, of her long line of Popes and of her ancient tradition as the best proofs of the rightfulness of her claims to the allegiance of all men. The one cohesive force of the Roman Church, its source of strength and the very reason of its existence, is the lust of power. There are less ambitious motives within that Church. But while she could make shift to exist without the fanatic, the man of letters and the professional priest, she would not long survive the absence of men who love power for its own sake and who are willing to employ great talents and sacrifice social comforts for the sake of dictating to their fellowmen.

CHAPTER I.

I had not thought to have unlocked my lips . . . but that this juggler would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes, obtruding false rules pranked in Reason's garb. MILTON.

The impatient New Yorker whom a kind but unappreciated accident of business compels to leave the big city, is, as a rule, not in a fitting mood to enjoy the rural sights on his journey away from the isle of Manhattan. To Brooklyn he goes only under protest, and as for the near shore of New Jersey, he regards it as the most barbar-

ous region of all the suburban country around the Metropolis. His one desire is to go back again to within the nearest possible point of the City Hall. It is, therefore, not surprising that the young man, who had just crossed over to the Jersey side via the Liberty street ferry, looks somewhat annoyed, for his looks and his ways betray the child of the big city. His features are heavy considering his youth, but his eyes, though just now unnaturally restless, look to be extremely intelligent and sharp in their expression. He has a broad, well-formed chin, which takes the youthfulness from his face and marks him to be a man of determination and well-settled purpose.

In the hope to beguile the tedium of the journey on the ugly cars of the accommodation train on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, he has bought an evening newspaper. When he had satisfied himself that the dreaded "Bergen Local" could not possibly be much longer than another two minutes, even with the liberal interpretation of the time-table of Jersey accommodation trains, he boarded a car, which had but a few occupants, settled down in a corner, a good distance from the door, and with an irrepressible sigh of impatience buried himself in his newspaper.

It was in mid-summer; the sun had just begun its westward journey and the day was bright and sunny. The destination of the young man was a small station on the Jersey Central between Communipaw and Bayonne City. It was not hard to sympathize with the poor impatient young man from the city. The day was bright indeed, but the scenery was half-way between rural and suburban, and

therefore anything but attractive. And then the station where the young man was to get off did not by any means represent the end of his travels. From the "depot" he had nearly three miles to walk on a dusty road, which had been the object of heated discussion in the council meeting of the village fathers, but which had, in spite of all remedies suggested, been cruelly abandoned to the mercy of the elements. Then the young man was not in an amiable mood. His errand was of a rather peculiar nature. He is going to a friend to dissuade him from entering a life which he regarded as very useless and perhaps contemptible.

Years ago, when he was a boy, he had himself lived in these parts and had formed many friendships. Those agreeable and fond relations he had always cherished, and as years passed by the memory of the happy days of boyish friendship became dearer and dearer to him. The thought of former times of rarest joys would have perhaps softened him and made the wearisome journey quite bearable had not an element of bitterness been mixed with the thought. Of all the boys with whom he had lived the cheeriest days of human life, there was none who had won so completely his heart as Edward Randall. Randall indeed was a general favorite. His easy winning ways, the extraordinary brightness of his mind, his natural ambition that brought his many gifts within the observation of all, and his ever ready good-natured wit, had made friends for him wherever he was known. He was a natural leader with no sense of dictatorship.

When William Crosby, the young man on the train, left Greenville to

enter business with his father in the city, he and Edward Randall were friends as good and true as any the poets write of. William's father was very glad to give Edward Randall a position in his business, a large importing house. He knew Edward, liked and esteemed him. For three years Edward and William worked and lived in the big city. They shared their pleasures and, in fact, all their feelings. William believed in taking all the pleasure possible out of life and youth. He was intensely practical. Edward was not averse to going to the theatres and taking draughts of genuine metropolitan enjoyment. But he was not so exclusively practical and utilitarian in his ideas and sentiments as William. In spite of his great talents and in spite of his daily life in the heart of the busiest city in the world, there was in Edward's mental make-up a certain unsoundness. The Irish blood in his veins and the constant and earnest teachings of his mother on the subject of religion had filled him with an indefinite fear of the supernatural and the hereafter. There was none more clear-sighted than he was, and none more tireless in his studies. His bright and capacious mind was never idle. For a boy of his opportunities he had learned much. But this very love of books led him on to the contemplation of problems which have never yet been solved. He was very susceptible, and the priest, who had known him since his birth, sought to identify knowledge and Catholicism in the young man's mind. Slowly, but surely, his mind drifted away from what to him seemed more and more the profane, the undesirable, the

transitory in life. It was an ill-defined longing that he had—a longing after the possession of the sum and substance of all knowledge. But the longing grew stronger every day as his visits to the house of the priest became more frequent. He gave up his position in the house of his friend's father and, listening to the advice of the priest, resolved to become a saver of souls.

William, who had been but slightly suspicious of his friend's strange leanings, was deeply pained at Edward's decision. The pain changed to disgust when he observed the ascetic ways of his friend. He could not reason with him. Edward would lead him on to fields where he could not follow. When Edward remained indifferent, where formerly he had shown great interest, William would again feel far more pain than disgust. He was practical, it was true—intensely practical—but he had a warm heart and the loss of a friend whom he prized above all others, weighed him down more than anything else could have done. When he received a short farewell letter from Edward informing him of the latter's proposed departure for a Roman Catholic convent and seminary, the days of unalloyed and common joys passed with painful vividness before his eyes. The letter destroyed his fond plans of a future and robbed him of the nearest friend of his heart.

In his despair William resolved upon a last attempt to recall his friend to worldly happiness. He would come and see him for the last time in very many years. Could he not by a last tender appeal to his friendship and to the memories dear to both,

could he not in this way change Edward's plan? He little knew the force of religion upon the neophyte of asceticism.

The train had come to a stop. The engine steamed and puffed as if angry at the delay and anxious to rush on again. In a second William was off the train and past the staring country cousins who had congregated in front of the depot for the express purpose of examining strangers and observing the return of the natives who had come back from the city. The shades of evening were falling fast when William pulled the old-fashioned handle which opened the door to the modest dwelling of his friend. He met the priest of the parish coming out, and a formal greeting passed between them.

In the parlor he found Edward sitting on a chair opposite his widowed mother, who looked extremely happy. Edward was serious and meditating. He knew that to-morrow would find him on his way to a cloister, which his mother could never enter. He knew that he must separate himself forever from the friends and the scenes of his youth. But he seemed resolved. The knock on the door interrupted the silence. William entered with a firm step. He bowed to Mrs. Randall and then, in a tone of repressed but uncontrollable emotion, he said to his friend:

"Well, Edward, I am here. I got your letter."

It was clear from the expression of Edward's face that the visitor was not entirely welcome to him. For a moment his eyes flashed brightly. A thousand sweet and precious memories crowded fast upon his mind. A

keen observer would have noticed the struggle even in his features as he silenced with laboring force the voice of friendship. Edward was not fully prepared for the painful effort.

"William," he said, slowly, "I go to-morrow." Then he paused, a queer fire lighted up his countenance, his features became hard and his voice was clear, his tone determined, when he concluded: "I go where my high vocation calls me."

His mother looked still happier and left the room to get something for the guest from the city. Edward's words had sent a chill through William's heart and called up emotions in his breast such as he had never felt before.

"Edward," he cried almost tearfully, "will you never be the dear, old, human friend to me?"

Edward was silent and looked away. Then William laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder and said sadly, but in an urging tone of voice:

"Edward, I have not your brilliant gifts, but I love you as a friend. You wrong yourself, Edward. What will you do in the many years to come without your mother, without friends, without the joys dear to you as they are to me? Can it be bad to live with the rest of mankind and try to do right? The best and wisest of our race have done it and found the task worthy of them."

Edward stood up, looked with cold eyes upon his friend, and then asked:

"But have they saved their souls?"

Once more did William look upon the face of his friend. It was motionless. Then he stood for a moment, held his hands over his eyes and went away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SERVICES IN CHRIST'S MISSION.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, PASTOR.

Some of the converted Catholics connected with the Salvation Army attended the meetings last month, and on May 21 conducted the service in the absence of the pastor, who was compelled to rest from labor. The prevailing influenza, threatening pneumonia, affected him in April, and he finds it extremely hard to get well again.

At one of the meetings last month a letter was read from Rev Paul Pollak, the Missionary Apostolic who was the guest of Christ's Mission for several weeks in April and who returned to Europe to settle his affairs before finally severing his connection with the Roman Church. It will be remembered that Monsignor Satolli was Dr. Pollak's professor of theology in Rome for several years. If he can arrange his affairs satisfactorily he will return to this country in September.

In his letter, dated Paris, May 2, Dr. Pollak says: "Protected by the Master I landed in Southampton April 29, and am now in Paris, where I shall stay only one day and then proceed on my journey. Your kindness and brotherly love which I had the good fortune to experience in your Mission will surely be pleased to receive further news in the development and evolution of my near future. I trust the Lord who has guided me hitherto will do so now in the most important event of my life. I need not ask you and the other dear friends at the Mission to remember me in your prayers. I shall write again. Meantime please receive my repeated thanks and good wishes, and believe me, your devoted brother in Christ."

INTERESTING LETTERS.

A Presbyterian minister of Springfield, Illinois, writes: "Again I wish you great success in the work of evangelizing the Roman Catholics. It is the missionary work of the hour. In this direction we must look for a solution of the immigration problem, the school problem and many others. Your work is great because it stands out before all the people as a protest against that hierarchy that is based on ignorance, bigotry and superstition."

LUDLOW, VT., Mch. 6, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—I enclose one dollar for THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for 1893. Also one dollar for copies of the magazine for free distribution among Roman Catholic friends.

God has caused the Pope to compromise with America. So far so good. Your work of reformation has just begun, for you know this Pope and his "infallible" Church of Rome. The endeavor is to sugar coat the pill for the American people to swallow. If Archbishop Ireland could cast off infallibility as a filthy old garment, so polluted that it smells to heaven, he might better pose as a true reformer. If Dr. McGlynn had been called of God as a Moses to lead the people out of the Roman Church he would have chosen the desert of Midian, or any other place, rather than go back to the courts of Pharaoh. The attitude of the hierarchy is this: The claws are drawn in under the soft Satolli fur of the love of the infallible father for American institutions. Americans will not be deceived. The pill nauseates. He says God has set the Pope to rule this country and the world, and he will if he can. A. F. S.